Yankee Doings

Vol. VII Boston, Mass. January, 1926 No. 1

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YANKEE DOINGS

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

YANKEE DIVISION VETERANS ASSOCIATION

200 HUNTINGTON AVENUE, BOSTON, MASS.

RALPH M. EASTMAN, *President* — PHILIP N. SANBORN, *Secretary*

SUBSCRIPTION FOR NON-MEMBERS OF ASSOCIATION, $1.00 PER YEAR

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION

Send all communications to the Secretary

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75 cents of the annual dues is applied as subscription to YANKEE DOINGS.

Copy for DOINGS must be in before the First

BONNE ANNEE

The Yankee Division Veterans Association wishes to extend greetings and best wishes for the New Year to YD men everywhere, and especially to those who have shown their interest in the old Division by becoming affiliated with the various YD Clubs which are members of the Association. Veteran affairs in general seem to have turned the corner for the better, and we are pleased to say this seems to be the case with members of our Division. Most of them are showing in civilian life the same spirit which made the Division what it was during the war days.

We expect to see the Association continue to grow in size and service and feel sure that in a few years it will become one of the strongest affiliations of our lives.

Wishing everyone "*Bonne Chance*" during the coming year, we remain,

Cordially,
YANKEE DIVISION VETERANS ASSOCIATION,
By Ralph M. Eastman, *President*

THE CHURCHMAN MILITANT

The other day I overheard a man bragging about how he dodged the draft in the war. He did not realize what a God-forsaken thing he was, knowing nothing of his own possibilities, hiding to preserve his own miserable carcass, while those who gave themselves on the front found the full glory of their souls. —DR. S. PARKES CADMAN

BRIMSTONE BALLADS
By the late Fuller P. Nard

Someone suggested, with more or less piety:
"Heaven for climate—but hell for society."

St. Peter's roof garden pulls free propaganda
While this dinky dugout collects only slander.
So let me impress on your mind, Mr. Editor,
Some local attractions we never get credit for.

Now Peter's apartment's a pip, to commence with,
(Families above we'd all gladly dispense with).
Harpstrings are tuneful and haloes are luminous;
But Nick's understudies are rustling bituminous.

This basement billet, from kitchen to corridor,
Enjoys all the tropical breezes of Florida,
For now on our roster of registered voters
Are listed a mob of Miami promoters.

We don't care a hoot how the furnace or flue is;
When loud-speakers stall we will have Mr. Lewis.
He's billed for our barracks, on throwing a seven,
Then Boy, how we'll razz the consumers, in heaven.

Our climate is jakey from now until summer
And living conditions could be a lot bummer;
Yet one slicker stunt of Old Nick I'm saluting:
He's mastered the time-honored art of recruiting.

We never feel thirst (we were hardened to hunger)
For Nick has an iron-clad contract with Gunga.
This season's sensation, the cozy front-row boy,
Is Sandy's creation: the Typical Doughboy.

A few damfine soldiers here talk of rebellion
In case we draw Mitchell, who thinks he's a hellion;
But I claim we all oughta boost our old palace—
Until they confront us with Kip or with Alice.

YD MEN IN HOSPITALS

As a part of its share toward dispensing Christmas gifts to our own fellows in hospitals, the Yankee Division Veterans Association gave one hundred one-year subscriptions to YANKEE DOINGS.

The list of names was provided by BILL BLAKE of the Veterans Bureau and included every YD man, so far as is known, in Massachusetts hospitals.

The Association is also making an effort to compile a complete list of 26th Division men in hospitals throughout the country. The assistance of Congressman "BILLY" CONNERY has been enlisted for this purpose. Such a file, kept constantly up to date, will prove a valuable acquisition, as it will enable the Association to keep much more closely in touch with the disabled veterans of the Division.

Teacher: "Henry, why are you not writing?"
Henry: "I ain't got no pen."
Teacher: "Where's your grammar?"
Henry: "She's dead."

BETWEEN OURSELVES

YANKEE DOINGS enters on its seventh year. According to the ancient prophets and seers, the number seven possesses the power of magic. It brings good luck in its train. To commemorate the completion of the Earth and Heavens, the Creator is said to have rested on the seventh day. Hence our week of seven days. Shakespeare tells us that man's life is divided into seven stages. In all ages the seventh son of a seventh son has been credited with supernatural powers. In our enlightened day, the crowd in the bleachers stands for a moment at the opening of the "lucky seventh" to acknowledge its faith in the good omen.

* * * *

Should we question the wisdom of the ancients? By all recorded history and spoken legend, this ought to be our banner year. We need not rely wholly, however, on mystic prophecies. Other signs, of a character better suited to convince the skeptical, have the same story to tell.

* * * *

The last day of 1925 showed more names on the membership list of the Y.D.V.A. than the last day of 1924. This is the first time since the Association was formed that any year has shown an actual increase over a preceding one. That which we have confidently predicted has come to pass. A second, healthier growth is no longer a future hope but a present fact.

* * * *

The Association also welcomes the New Year with a greater balance in its treasury than ever before. The Executive Committee believes it to be your purpose to devote this money to strengthening and enlarging the organization and assisting any project to which you have given your approval. After all, it is your money, and you elect the Committee. The Annual Convention will be held in March. Every club of the Association should consider carefully whom it will appoint as delegates. They should be men who can be trusted to elect an Executive Committee that will best continue to serve the interests of the greatest number. It is no time for wildcat schemes. If we build slowly, we build more surely.

* * * *

The dawn of 1926 marks the actual launching of the great campaign to secure a suitable and lasting memorial on the soil of France to the sacrifices and heroism of the 26th Division. We feel certain that it will succeed gloriously. Further than that, it will bring together again under one standard every man of the Division. Once reunited, no achievement will be impossible.

* * * *

DOINGS will be better able in the coming year to keep its readers informed of each others' whereabouts and of YD events in general. Relieved from the erstwhile embarrassment of a flat wallet, it will be possible to include more and better illustrations and to make other improvements in the appearance of the paper.

* * * *

All in all, we step forth into the New Year with high hopes and supreme confidence that it has further successes and triumphs in store for us.

TRIBUTE

There's tumultuous confusion a-comin' down the road,
An' the camouflage don't nearways hide the dust,
An' it ain't no flock of camions, though some's carryin' a load
(I guess the provos winked—or got it fust).
But now it's comin' closer, you can tell 'em by the roar—
It's the Hundred Second Infantry a-goin' in once more.

Oh, they've met the Hun at the length of a gun,
And they know what he is and they mind what he's done,
So that's why they sing as they slog to more fun!
You doughboys, you slow boys,
Here's luck, an' let her go, boys—
We like you, Infantry.

Now us in the Artillery don't live no life of ease,
Nor yet particular security.
For the present that Fritz sends us, one can't dodge behind the trees,
Unless trees was much thicker than they be.
But we know our lot is doughnuts, Orders Home and Gay Paree
To what you march to singin', Hundred Second Infantry.

Oh, there's numerous blanks in your Company ranks,
But there's two in the Boches' for one in the Yanks',
An' all that he guv, you returned him with thanks,
You doughboys, you slow boys,
Here's luck, an' let her go, boys—
We like you, Infantry.

—F. M. H. D. (Field Artillery)

HOW'S THIS ONE, MR. NARD?

Editor YANKEE DOINGS:

The postman had DOINGS in his mailbag this morning and I picked it up and extracted it from the wrapper with the chastened joy that has somehow responded to the obituary notice of the late and deeply lamented F. P. Nard. Of course I am proud and glad to welcome the account of our Division, the one which—according to most accounts—won the war, but it just simply makes me too unhappy for words to think of the DOINGS without the Nard poems.

Opening the magazine and glancing through the pages! ! "Brimstone Ballads" by—*what is this?* "late Fuller P. Nard." No, never! He was never late, and he just knew we could not have a happy Christmas without him. Joy, greetings and welcome. Great is Allah, and Sir Conan Doyle is his prophet! We have not lost you, Fuller P., and we never intend to; and when we line up for the trip to France to fight the war all over, you will be with us. The burning question ringing down through all the ages, "If a man die, shall he live again?" is that he has never ceased for a moment to do so.

The YD boys here got together last Tuesday night and I am hoping they will have many more meetings.

Merry Christmas and a very Happy and Prosperous New Year to you all. I cannot do better than re-echo Tiny Tim's sentiment, "God bless us all."

I am very cordially yours,

Portland, Maine. W. H. (DOC) LYNCH

"Every man give one day's pay."

Progress is being made rapidly in the preliminary work of organizing the campaign for a YD Overseas Memorial. Among those actively engaged in committee work, there is nothing but the brightest optimism. They feel that success is already assured, yet they realize, as do all of us, that that success can be achieved only by every last man shouldering his own pack and entering the project with his whole heart.

As stated in last month's DOINGS, this memorial is to be erected in France to honor the valiant dead of the 26th Division. And it is to be paid for out of our own pockets. The slogan appearing in italics at the top of this article is one destined to become most familiar to your eyes in the months to come. "Every man give one day's pay." Then there need be no doubt in anyone's mind as to whether his contribution is too large or too small. One day's pay from every man will make possible a memorial of which we will all be proud.

The story of what has been accomplished up to date is best told by giving the reports of three meetings—one of the Executive Committee, Y.D.V.A., and two of the YD Memorial Committee.

December 8, 1925

Meeting called to order by PRESIDENT EASTMAN at 8.15 P.M.

Present: Members of the Executive Committee: Honorary President GENERAL EDWARDS, PRESIDENT EASTMAN, TREASURER POULTON, COLONEL HYATT, JAMES, HARRIS, BOWES, SECRETARY SANBORN, CORRESPONDING SECRETARY WATSON. Invited members of the Y.D.V.A.: MANAGER SNYDER, CAPTAIN WARREN, FATHER FARRELL and CLARENCE WALSH.

President Eastman gave a brief resume of the purpose of the meeting, namely: To appoint a Memorial Committee for the purpose of organizing and conducting a campaign to make possible the erection in France of a suitable memorial to the 26th Division.

It had been voted at a previous general assembly of the Y.D.V.A. that, with the exception of possible voluntary contributions from the public, the proposed memorial should be financed by the former members of the Division.

Letters were received from EMERSON G. TAYLOR, Congressman WILLIAM P. CONNERY, JR., and JOHNSTON FORD, stating that they would be unable to attend the meeting and suggesting the names of men who they thought would make valuable members of the Memorial Committee. EDWARD HOLMES reported by telephone that he would not be present, but suggested names for the Committee and pledged his hearty co-operation in the work.

On the motion of General Edwards, seconded by Poulton, it was

VOTED: That $75,000 should be the objective sum to be raised for the proposed memorial.

The meeting was opened to the suggestion of members present of names of men to serve on the Memorial Committee. A great many names were suggested.

After discussion it was decided that a permanent Chairman of the Memorial Committee be chosen by this meeting.

After an individual expression of opinion from all present, on the motion of General Edwards, seconded by Father Farrell, it was unanimously

VOTED: That General JOHN H. SHERBURNE be appointed Permanent Chairman of the YD Overseas Memorial Committee.

Further suggestions were entertained as to members of the Committee.

Upon motion, duly made and seconded, it was

VOTED: That the suggested names be presented to the Permanent Chairman with authority to select his own committee therefrom.

Upon motion, duly made and seconded, it was

VOTED: That the Treasurer of the Y.D.V.A. be authorized to pay, from the treasury of the Association, such preliminary expenses as shall be incurred by the Memorial Committee, until such time as the Memorial Committee shall be able to finance itself, at which time said amount loaned by the Association shall be repaid.

Adjournment taken at 10.10 P.M.

PHILIP N. SANBORN, *Secretary Y.D.V.A.*

General Sherburne accepted the Chairmanship of the YD Overseas Memorial Committee, and, from the list of names submitted by the Y.D.V.A., selected the following as members of the committee: General CLARENCE R. EDWARDS, RALPH M. EASTMAN, BENJAMIN JAMES, CHARLES R. CABOT, BENJAMIN TICKNOR, WILLARD B. LUTHER, CARROLL J. SWAN, WILLIAM J. BLAKE, HOWARD SANDERSON, CHARLES C. STANCHFIELD, JUDSON HANNIGAN, ELON F. TANDY, PAUL H. HINES, CHARLES H. COLE, ELLIOTT E. MACDOWELL, Father WILLIAM J. FARRELL, EDWARD L. LOGAN, OLIVER WOLCOTT, ALFRED F. FOOTE CHARLES A. STEVENS and WILLIAM J. KEVILLE. It is understood that this Central Committee may be enlarged from time to time.

A meeting of the Executive Committee was held Friday, December 18, at 19 Congress Street. Those present were J. H. Sherburne, R. M. Eastman, Benjamin James,

Charles R. Cabot, Benjamin Ticknor, Willard B. Luther. Carroll J. Swan, William J. Blake, Howard Sanderson, Charles C. Stanchfield, Judson Hannigan, Elon F. Tandy, Paul H. Hines, Oliver Wolcott, Charles H. Cole, Edward L. Logan, Father Farrell and William J. Keville.

General Sherburne told of the meeting held at the YD Club a few weeks previously attended by men of the Division interested in having a memorial, or memorials, erected in France to perpetuate the achievements of the 26th Division in the World War. That meeting passed a vote requesting the Executive Committee of the Yankee Division Veterans Association to appoint a Memorial Committee.

Mr. Eastman then reported on results of the Y.D.V.A. meeting which requested General Sherburne to take the Chairmanship of the Memorial Committee. Names from the various units of the Division were selected, to be turned over to the Chairman of the Memorial Committee for his guidance in forming his various sub-committees, it being deemed wise to leave the actual appointments on the committees to those responsible for the success of the Memorial efforts.

General Sherburne's acceptance of the appointment was followed by the calling of this first meeting of men chosen for the Executive Committee of the drive for the Memorial.

It was decided that in view of existing conditions, the first effort to collect funds should be through the use of the mailing list at the YD Club of Boston, consisting of approximately 30,000 names.

Chairmen of various committees representing the units of the Division were then nominated. (At the time of going to press, as acceptances have not been received from all the appointees, their names will be withheld until the next issue of YANKEE DOINGS.)

A committee to seek large contributions from those in the Division able to make them was then selected.

A Committee on Design of the Memorial was selected.

A Committee on Site was next selected.

Paul Hines was appointed Publicity Man.

Ralph M. Eastman was appointed Secretary-Treasurer and the State Street Trust Company chosen as depository of the fund.

It was the sense of the meeting that after the first appeal to the mailing list, there should be a "mopping up" by Organization Committees, with a last appeal either through State committees, or direct from the general committee.

Charles R. Cabot, Carroll J. Swan and Ralph M. Eastman were appointed a committee to draft up a letter to be sent to the mailing list as an initial appeal.

It was suggested that a special letter be sent to the families of deceased members of the Division.

It was felt that the names of all men lost by the Division during the War should be made a part of the Memorial.

A suggestion was made that the names of all donors be inscribed on parchment and placed in the cornerstone of the Memorial and a copy of the list be given a permanent place in the YD Club of Boston.

Tuesday, December 29, was decided upon as the next date for a meeting of this Committee.

Meeting adjourned. —RALPH M. EASTMAN,
Secretary YD Memorial Committee

A meeting of the YD Overseas Memorial Committee was held Tuesday, December 29, at 19 Congress Street. Those present were General Sherburne, Eastman, James, Cabot Ticknor, Blake, Sanderson, Stanchfield, Tandy, Logan, Keville, Father Farrell. Sanborn (Editor of YANKEE DOINGS), and SNYDER (Manager of the YD Club of Boston) were present as invited guests.

Names of the proposed Chairmen of Organization Committees were verified and the Secretary was instructed to notify them of their appointment with a request for an immediate reply.

Members of State Committees were then appointed, and the Secretary was instructed to inform them of their appointment with a request for immediate reply. It was decided to appoint no chairmen of State Committees but to instruct them to appoint their own chairmen.

It was voted to incorporate this organization under the name of "The YD Overseas Memorial," in order to take advantage of income tax exemptions, and members of the committee signed application papers for incorporation under the laws of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

The sense of the previous meeting was confirmed that the first appeal should be made directly to members of the Division, using the list of names on file at the Y.D.V.A. headquarters; that the second appeal be made through the organizations of the Division, and the third by States.

General Sherburne read his first draft of a proposed letter of appeal to be sent out to members of the Division, and, at his own request, passed the same on to General Logan for revision.

Meeting adjourned at 6.45.

—RALPH M. EASTMAN, *Secretary*

WHAT INSCRIPTION?

There has been considerable discussion recently in the daily press regarding the wording of the inscription to be placed over the graves of unknown American soldiers in France.

The approved inscription is, "HERE RESTS IN HONORED GLORY AN AMERICAN SOLDIER KNOWN BUT TO GOD."

To us this seems too long. We prefer, "HERE RESTS AN UNKNOWN AMERICAN SOLDIER."

Why attempt to impress the future pilgrim to these shrines with the obvious facts of honor and glory? Are they not self-evident?

YANKEE DOINGS will welcome the opinions of its readers giving their conception of the proper inscription to be placed over the graves of the unknown. Whether or not they will have any bearing on the accepted wording is questionable, but it is a subject of more than passing interest to all veterans.

"P. C. RAINBOW"

Photograph—Courtesy of the Boston Globe

When Gen. Clarence R. Edwards retired from the Army and decided to settle down in New England, he purchased a fine estate in Westwood which he named "Dunroving."

He never denies himself to anyone; every telephone caller can fetch him to the instrument. He began to find that, far from retiring from service, he had simply broadened the circle of his activities.

"I ought to get into another war," said General Edwards, "and know once more the peace of a dugout."

During the year just closed he carried out that idea. He built a dugout which he calls the "P. C. Rainbow." "P. C.," as every doughboy knows, is the Yankee abbreviation for the French "*poste de commandement*," and means "headquarters." In General Edwards' case, it means a place of retirement, which is more properly a dugout, a shelter.

He began by cutting a path through a grove to the north of his stately mansion, and turning up a little knoll among the oaks. On the rise he buried flat stones which eventually formed broad steps up to a solid plank door in a stone building, 24 by 16 feet.

Most of the material in the building came from the estate itself. More than that, much of the actual labor of building the dugout was done by General Edwards with his own hands. He chopped many of the trees which were sawed into beams for the structure; he drove the horse which hauled the field stone for the walls; and he has had a hand in the building of the place from start to finish.

Book shelves and a writing desk are the principal equipment, though there is plenty of provision for comfort. Lights can be plugged in from several places, and at the corners of the fireplace, port and starboard lights shed colored gleams on the floor, especially when the other lights are out and only the fire's glow illuminates the room.

At one end a huge map, showing the western front and the scenes of operation of the Yankee Division, has been framed upon a great backing; and roller map cases at one side show section maps.

Here, if General Edwards finally does yield to the importunities of friends and publishers, he will sit him down to write his memoirs—the story of a life that has seen war change its aspect almost entirely. Here he can come to be safe from interruptions; here is his war chest, filled with materials for a history the like of which has so far not been written down.

BOARD OF GOVERNORS YD CLUB OF BOSTON

A regular meeting of the Board of Governors of the YD Club of Boston was held at the Club on Tuesday, December 15, 1925.

The meeting was called to order with President Harmon in the chair. The following members of the Board were present: HARMON, BARNARD, BRADY, STANCHFIELD, WOOD, G. M. KING, DAY and Manager SNYDER. Mr. Eastman advised the Secretary of his inability to be present.

Mr. Barnard, who was appointed chairman of a committee to have a suitable bronze sign at the entrance to the Club, reported that his committee had received an estimate for furnishing and installing one set of bronze letters reading, "YD MEMORIAL CLUB YD" on the frieze of the entrance portico, and two cast bronze tablets bearing the YD insignia to be placed on the pilasters either side of the entrance, for the sum of $136.00. The estimate specified that the work was to be completed, if possible, by the first of the year. It was unanimously

VOTED: That the estimate submitted by this committee be approved and that the committee be authorized to proceed as outlined above.

A letter from Mr. WILLIAM MULHALL, tendering his resignation from the Board, was read and accepted. On a motion duly made and seconded it was

VOTED: That the Secretary be instructed to inform Mr. Mulhall of the acceptance of his resignation and to convey to him the sincere regrets of his associate members in having lost so valuable a member.

On a motion, made and seconded, it was

VOTED: To appoint Colonel JOHN F. OSBORN (101st Engineers) to fill the vacancy on the Board of Governors caused by the resignation of Mr. William J. Mulhall, same to become effective at once.

Due to his inability to be present at the meetings of the Board, it was moved, seconded, and

VOTED: That the resignation of SECRETARY SULLIVAN be accepted.

On a motion, duly made and seconded, it was

VOTED: To appoint PHILIP N. SANBORN as Secretary to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Thomas L. Sullivan, same to become effective at once and continue until the Annual Meeting of the Club.

On a motion, made and seconded, it was

VOTED: That the Chairman of the YD Overseas Memorial Association be notified that it is the sense of the Board of Governors to pledge their full support to their campaign for an overseas memorial.

There being no further business to come before the Board, it was moved, seconded and voted that the meeting adjourn.

Adjournment taken at 7.20 o'clock.

—WILLIAM SNYDER, *Secretary pro tem*

The invention of the harp was due to an accident, we read. On the other hand, the inventor of the bag-pipes was a Highland cottager who got the idea through stepping on a cat.

THOSE TWO PRISONERS

Editor of YANKEE DOINGS:

Referring to the inquiry of E. K. H. of the 103d Infantry, in your Christmas number of YANKEE DOINGS, asking for information as to the disposition of the two civilian prisoners which he saw marching down the road before two Mounted Police as we were being relieved from the Toul Sector in the latter part of June, 1918.

I can supply a limited amount of information regarding these prisoners. They were spies who were caught "red-handed" trying to communicate with the Germans, ostensibly informing them of the relief that was to take place that night. As our Division was moving out and did not wish to be encumbered by a couple of civilian prisoners and the trial which would ensue, they were turned over to the French authorities in the neighborhood half way between Boucq and Toul, and that was the last that was ever heard of them. However—?

—JOHN W. HYATT

YD CLUB OF PHOENIX

A group of YD men in Phoenix, Arizona, which has been meeting quite regularly for the past year or so, has written to the Secretary of the Y.D.V.A., asking the requirements for a charter as a chapter of the Association. The information has been sent them and it is probable that we will soon have another infant club in the family. ROBERT G. HORR (C Batt., 101st F.A.) is the man acting as secretary for the group.

A telegram was received at Christmas, reading:

> Yankee Division Veterans Association:
>
> Christmas Greetings to each and every member of the old Division. May the New Year bring you health, happiness and plenty. To the Association we extend our sincere wishes for 1926.
>
> (Signed) ALDEN B. PARSONS, G. ALAN JOHNSON, ROY SYLVESTER, ROBERT HORR, H. L. TALBOTT, S. KARSBERG, C. W. COLLINS, J. R. FLEMING, G. L. BRANSCOMB, RUFUS E. NORTHUP.

George Branscomb writes: "Ollie Parsons, Alkie Johnson and Yours Truly are already old-timers in the Maricopa Post, 720, V.F.W., and we are planning to put on what we are pleased to call a 'YD Night' the first meeting after the new officers are installed. We are going to have an all-YD Class for initiation that night and we are going to furnish the entertainment. On that night I am going back into the Post Commander's chair and will have the pleasure of obligating the 'gang.' When we get through, this western crowd will have had a standard for entertainment established that they will have a hard time to outclass."

THOSE GREETING CARDS

We promise that this is the last time we'll mention them. The Y.D.V.A.'s second annual sale of Christmas Greeting Cards was highly successful. Many of the purchasers expressed their appreciation of the splendid value and low cost of the cards, also of the ease with which it did away with the nuisance of last-minute shopping.

'TWARN'T ALL HORROR

A "YD YARN" by WALTER C. MAHAN

LE PETIT OFFICER

How he ever got into the army no man could tell. Mike Wadleigh always insisted that he snuck by the medical inspecting officer after a hard day's work. Others insisted that he stole somebody's papers after the other would-be recruit had passed all examinations. Anyway, he was the tiniest thing in khaki outside the Boy Scouts, and most of that outfit would overtop him.

He was a riot when he strode down A Company's street in Framingham camp only a few days before the old 9th Massachusetts joined with the 5th to form the 101st Infantry—glory to its name. Old soldiers rubbed their eyes, and the new ones thought that it was simply another military joke.

Somebody had outfitted him with a uniform that would have swamped Jess Willard and which might have been intended for Mr. Arbuckle, not he of the hams but of the screen. The blouse hung in magnificent folds nearly to his knees. The shoulders jutted out from his body in fearful caricature of the old-time style cut of Nobby Clothes for Nifty Collegians. The collar stood out in a great arc, in the middle of which rose the feeble column of his neck. The sleeves completely hid his hands. The breeches were wound about his waist some four times, and were finally gathered together at the front of him in a huge knot. His leggings were so loose that they flapped around his calves at each step, while his campaign hat settled down about his ears at the sides and was so low on his brow that he was forced to look skyward even to see the ground before him.

All A Company gathered in front of the tents to watch him go by and marvel at his going. Nobody could quite make him out. He was a *rara avis*. As Jack Kelvin gasped, "God made the world and Napoleon made the soldier, but who is responsible for this?"

Suddenly he stopped in front of the gaping array of soldiery standing before the tents. He peered out and up from beneath the outrageous hat brim. "Hello," he said, with an ingratiating grin, "you tell-a me where is-a da boss around here. I just-a join the army."

Company A rejoiced. What could be better than this to relieve the monotony of camp life? It was manna from the recruiting office. It was the gift of the Soldiers' Friend. Immediately he had a flock of willing guides and they, of course, led him straightway to the tent of a private, one McMann, who had immediately been tipped off to what was coming to him. The little fellow with the enormous uniform was pushed within the tent while half the company crowded in behind him, and the remainder gathered about the opening flap.

In the august presence of "General" McMann the little recruit stopped all his grinning. He straightened to the magnificent reach of his inches and stood in a ridiculous posture which unquestionably some wag at the recruiting office had assured him was the correct position of the soldier at attention.

For some minutes he stood there in silence waiting for the first word from the "general." The word was not forthcoming, as the "general" simply glared. McMann was afraid to speak for he would have laughed and gummed the works.

Finally the new soldier cleared his throat and ventured, "Is dis-a da boss?"

"Silence," roared McMann. "Don't speak until you are spoken to, and address me as 'general'."

Another period of glaring on the one hand and stiff attention on the other.

"What's your name?" questioned McMann.

"Rocco Legario," returned the little man, straightening even more.

"Where do you live, Rocco?"

"Easta Bost'," returned the recruit.

"What's your occupation?"

"Poola shark."

"What?" roared the "general."

"Poola shark. Poola shark. You know, general. One ball sida pock! Five-a, ten, fifteen. Banka da last ball. You know, poola shark."

This was a new item injected into the questionnaire. This was serious. The company was broke and this newcomer who could hardly see over a pool table, professed to be a pool shark.

"How much money you got, pool shark?" queried the general, a new note in his voice.

"Plenta mon," general boss, and in front of the jealous company Rocco pulled out a dozen dollars from the breeches pocket.

Immediately "General" McMann proved his right to the title.

"Mulcahey, Cohen, Phillips and Da Pesa," he said, "I appoint you a squad to take Recruit Rocco Legario down to Framingham. Once established there, you will cause him to demonstrate his boasted ability with a cue-stick on the green-covered table. I shall expect a report from you in one hour's time. Dismissed."

In less than half an hour the squad and the recruit returned.

"He's a pool shark all right, general," reported Mulcahey. "Here's his twelve bucks. How many ways do we split it?"

His novitiate over, Rocco became one of the company. All the sergeants were afraid to take him out to drill for they were sure that if once the Skipper caught sight of him he would be sent hence forthwith, and A Company didn't want to lose him. Finally Cook Jack Kelvin settled the matter by taking Rocco on for K. P., and he proved a wonder as kitchen policeman as before his career as pool shark he had worked as dishwasher in a quick-order lunchroom.

He had spent a few days at this job and naturally had been put through the regulation course of sprouts. He had been sent all over the camp for the tent oil, for the

ranking file, for his mattress. But he grinned through it all.

And then Skinny Hanley returned from an overleave in the delights of Boston town. Skinny was sick, and when he was assigned to K. P. duty as punishment his very soul revolted. On the first morning after breakfast Skinny was put to work cleaning out the huge meat pans. He hated the army. He hated the world. He hated himself. Nearby Rocco went about the same duties cheerfully, so cheerfully that Skinny glared at him with an evil glare. The smoke from the slum stove brought the tears to Skinny's eyes.

Rocco saw and grinned. "You go-a to the top sarg," he said. "Get-a the smoke screen. Everyting be jake den."

Skinny was prepared for war. Imagine this raw recruit trying to pull an old gag like the smoke screen on him, a seasoned militiaman. He was on the point of attacking in force when the inspiration came.

"Where do I go to get this smoke screen?" he asked civilly.

"Up-a to last tent," returned Rocco in sheer joy. "You find-a da top sarg there. He tell-a you."

"All right," said Skinny, "thanks for the tip. I'll go up and see him."

So all through the morning Rocco worked over the pans, whistling to himself as he thought gleefully of Skinny's frantic search through the camp for the smoke screen. Meanwhile Skinny slept peacefully, returning to the cook shack just before meal time with the announcement that he couldn't find the smoke screen anywhere. Rocco, who had cleaned up all the pans, doing two men's work, chuckled to himself and nudged Cook Kelvin who looked at him pityingly. After dinner Rocco sent Skinny on another wild goose chase, after supper on another. Skinny's hated K. P. duty was over, everybody was satisfied, and Rocco was having the time of his life.

It was only a few days later that word was given that the newly-formed regiment was to entrain. The destination was shrouded in mystery so that nobody but all the world knew that the 101st was on its way to Hoboken and ultimately France.

In the confusion Rocco was forgotten, but when the first camp was made in St. Nazaire there he was. Even the officers didn't quite realize how he had got there or where he came from, but it was too late to send him back to America without reams of red tape and all sorts of explanations.

Accordingly Rocco went through the works. He was hit, was in hospital for a time, went back to the front, was taken sick, another sojourn in hospital, sent back once more, and was with his outfit when the Armistice came.

And after the Armistice, some time after it, Rocco was one of the fortunate ones who drew fifteen days' leave. Rocco's pass called for Lyons, but he made Nice his objective. It was easily done, because all France was too jubilant to bother with an errant doughboy and Rocco had only to dodge the American M. P.'s. They, too, were more or less easy on the doughboy wearing wound stripes who was actually on leave, even though he strayed a few hundred miles distant from the point called for on his pass.

Once at Nice it was equally easy for Rocco to hit the Italian border, to murmur to an Italian soldier in his native tongue a more or less authentic story of the desire to visit his aged mother in Sorrento. At any rate, Rocco got into Italy and to his native village. There he spent a month of easy living, with receptions at the Italian equivalent for the town hall, with honors paid him at every hand, with "vivas" greeting his every public appearance. He was sitting pretty near on top of the world.

But there must be an accounting sometime. Rocco's joy in Sorrento was dimmed to a certain extent by what was in store for him when he faced his officers in the A.E.F. But it must be done, so finally Rocco bade a sad good-by to his cousins and his uncles and his aunts, and hied himself to the Italian border once more, overleave just sixteen days.

The next chapter in Rocco's history must be told by M. P. Sergt. Moody who escorted Rocco back to Company A when the 101st was quartered in the Le Mans area ready to sail for home at the first summons.

"I has my squad up on the Eyetalian border," said Sergt. Moody, who had not yet recovered from his amazement. "We're lookin' for some A. W. O. L.'s who the officers figured had been lost in the cataracts of Rome or some such a God-forsaken place.

"We ain't grabbed any of them and I'm expectin' to be recalled back for drills and inspections and everything else, when one day there's a wild hoorar from the Eyetalian side. Then the half of Italy comes marchin' up. They got a million bands. Everybody is cheerin'. Eyetalian officers in uniforms like the drill platoon of the Shriners form a guard of honor. And in the middle of 'em what do I see but this piece of work," indignantly pointing to Rocco.

"He's got a Sam Browne belt on him. Across his chest he's got fourteen crow de guerres. I'll take oath on it 'cause I counted 'em. What's left of his chest is plastered with D. S. C.'s and Legion of Honor medals.

"But," and here the regular sergeant's voice rose to a shrill of outraged military dignity, "what's worst of all, the little son of a Bohunk is wearin' two gold stars on his shoulder straps. He's been stallin' them Eyetalians that he's a major-general, no less."

The aftermath came in the guardhouse at Bourdons where Rocco was sent for a period of rest and relaxation.

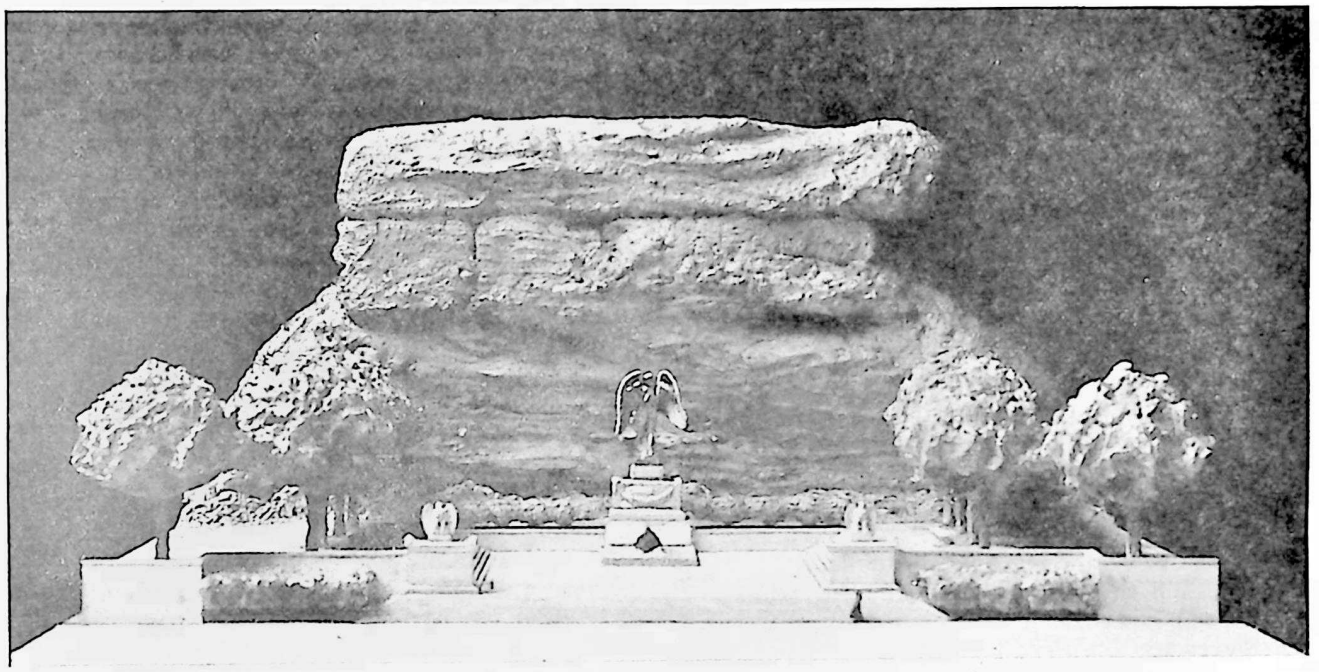
"Aw, whata the hell," he said. "Coupla weeks, coupla mon' in da guarda-house. It's nutting. Ah, but in Italio—ah—I tell you. I livea da life of Reilly."

Now there may be slight errors in this account as to what happened in Sorrento and on the Italian border. But what Rocco said in the guard house at Bourdons is quoted word for word. I know because I was in the next bunk.

ANNUAL CONVENTION, Y.D.V.A.

The Annual Convention of the Yankee Division Veterans Association will be held in the latter part of March. Announcement of the definite date will be made in next month's YANKEE DOINGS. This is to remind every member of the Association that this is the most important event in the year from the viewpoint of this organization. All YD Clubs should consider at their next meeting the election of delegates to the convention. Delegates are allotted on the basis of one delegate for every fifty active members or major fraction thereof. Secretaries of all clubs will receive official notice.

MASSACHUSETTS WAR MEMORIAL



Photograph—Courtesy of the Boston Globe

On December 15, the Battlefields Memorial Committee of Washington approved the design for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts Memorial to its soldier dead.

The memorial, a photograph of the clay model of which is shown in the above picture, is to be placed near the battlefield of St. Mihiel in France, on the site which was purchased by the State some time ago.

It was erroneously stated in some of the Boston daily newspapers that this memorial was to be erected to the 26th Division. Such a mistake is particularly unfortunate just at this time when the veterans of the Yankee Division are taking the initial steps toward raising a fund to erect a memorial to their own dead. The Massachusetts Memorial is to be a monument to all the soldier dead of the State, in all branches of the service. Its cost is to be borne by legislative appropriation. The Yankee Division Memorial is to be erected to those of our own Division who lost their lives. It is to be paid for by contributions from the men of the Division. The full account of each step in our progress toward this goal will appear from month to month in YANKEE DOINGS.

To return to the Massachusetts Memorial. The design is by Daniel Chester French. Authorization of the Commission for the approval of the design and the erection of the memorial were necessary before the work could proceed.

The site is ten miles from the battlefield of St. Mihiel on the right-hand side of the road to Verdun. Its cost to the State was approximately $20,000. It was in 1923 that the land was bought by the special State Commission appointed to plan for the memorial.

The memorial, which will be erected beneath the bluffs of St. Mihiel, is a statue of Victory set in the centre of a court shaded by trees, with a background of shrubbery,—the whole overlooking the Meuse River.

THANKS, MANY OF THEM

The Y.D.V.A. and the YD Club of Boston received Christmas and New Year's greetings during the holiday season from well wishers in nearly every State of the Union. Some of those who remembered us in the home sector were:

Congressman WILLIAM P. CONNERY, JR., Washington, D. C.; JAMES BOYER, Washington, D. C.; ERNEST E. FAIRBANKS, Reno, Nev.; BASIL TILLEY, Springfield, Mass.; ERNEST DEMARTINO, New York City; G. RONALD BOEHNER, St. Louis; Col. JOHN F. OSBORN, Cambridge; Capt. THOMAS P. RILEY, Gary, Ind.; PAUL L. DE VERTER, Bayonne, N. J.; JOHN J. J. MEAGHER, Brooklyn; GEN. CHARLES H. COLE, "MOTHER" FITZGERALD, Greenfield, Mass.; E. N. NELSON, So. Manchester, Conn.; M. W. STACKPOLE, Milton, Mass.; ROLAND ALLEN, Charlotte, N. C.; L. H. KIBBY, Orlando, Fla.; NATE STONE, Miami, Fla.

GO-GETTER

A man who runs out of gas two miles from a station.

REFORM

By "Uncle Joe" Cannon

"I'm thankful that the sun and moon
Are both hung up so high
That no pretentious hand can stretch
And pull them from the sky.
If they were not, I have no doubt
That some reforming ass
Would recommend to take them down
And light the world with gas."

IN REJOINDER

Editor Yankee Doings:

It pleased me greatly to see myself so prominently in the December issue, and even though they were all knocks I had the honor of being brought before the public in prose and verse, or to be more exact in pros and cons.

In answer to the Editor's three Irishmen in "Between Ourselves," this is no private fight. Anybody can get in. Fight, you Devils; I hate peace.

All are invited. In fact, it would be interesting to see someone bust into print who agrees with me. If I have no adherents, I'll have to back out licked. So c'm on in.

But be sure you come in with something worth while. I made the remark to a friend that the retorts were all silly, to which he politely replied, "So was yours." That floored me for a time, but I've come back smiling.

The comment in the form of Brimstone Ballads by the late "Full o' Pinard," the choice brick-bat that came my way, in his characteristic and inimitable humor, went over strong; but I do not consider an effeminate impersonation or kidding an issue, a good comeback. It means that the user is left without any good argument but is unwilling to admit it.

I never made any objection to bad language. I can eat it up if there's not too much of it for easy digestion. I realize that an army paper like Yankee Doings cannot be edited with kid gloves. I agree with the professor quoted that there is nothing that fits so well in some cases as a good round damn, but when we are compelled to read through five or six damns all in the same column it at least gets monotonous.

My idea was that any story that "got over," even though it dragged a few cuss words with it, was all right; but when the only substance was vulgarity and a choice array of profanity it ceased to be of interest.

The play, "What Price Glory," was made most realistic and was what the dramatic world calls "daring." Some pleasanter theme might have been used to portray realism; still it was accepted by a certain portion of the theatre-going public. It had good points.

The description of the Unsung Hero—the American Soldier—in the October issue, was one of the best readings in the history of Yankee Doings, and its several dashes could be overlooked if it had not been for the voluminous truck that went with it in the same issue. They were probably meant to be daring but were simply foolish, and after all the "language" had been used, no other point could be recognized. —L. B. C.

PORTLAND PARAGRAPHS

The above caption, once a familiar feature of Yankee Doings, may look strange to some of our newer readers. However, we welcome it back as further evidence of the YD boom which seems to be spreading through the country.

The YD Club of Portland, Maine, a few years ago one of the active members of the Y.D.V.A., has for some time been more or less of a quiet sector. But, like other units of that most surprising division, it now arises to state that reports of its death are greatly exaggerated.

A letter has been received from Percy R. Witham, Secretary of the Portland Club, reading in part as follows:

Secretary Yankee Division Veterans Association:

Dear Sir:

The YD Club of Portland has called its heroes together and has decided to nominate and elect officers for 1927.

I know this YD Club is going over big. It will be much larger than ever before because the fellows seem to realize what the old YD means to them.

I was instructed to ascertain how we stand in regard to per capita tax, and whether we can operate under the old charter.

After our next meeting we will have permanent quarters and hope to be going "like a house afire."

Our motto is "250 paid-up members by April 1."

We will let you know how everything is from time to time, and if you have any suggestions on the building up of our Club, send them along.

Charles Watson, Corresponding Secretary of the Y. D. V. A., in answering the above letter informed the Portland Club that their charter had never been revoked, and wished them the greatest success in their new venture.

There is no reason why a city with as many YD men as Portland should not have a thriving chapter. Yankee Doings feels sure it will, and stands ready to give the Club any amount of publicity provided its members will furnish the copy.

ALLAN McINTOSH

Yankee Doings is in receipt of a letter from Captain James A. Doherty, Adjutant of the 385th Infantry, enclosing a Divisional Citation for extraordinary bravery in action of Private 1st Class Allan McIntosh (Sanitary Detachment, 101st Infantry). This citation, signed by General Edwards, was found at Camp Devens in the Spring of 1919, since which time it has been buried among the effects of the officer who found it and has but recently come to light.

Private McIntosh's name does not appear in the files of the Yankee Division Veterans Association. We are, therefore, asking our readers for any information as to his present whereabouts. The citation is being held at the YD Club of Boston, and may be obtained by its rightful owner at any time upon his satisfactory identification.

TWO SKETCHES IN PASTEL

By A. S. NILSON (Editor of the "All American")

Winter in the Vosges

It was a cold wet day in early January, the pale mists rising like incense over the eternal hills. We climbed into a small camion and went out the road past the LaFayette Club on our way to Nancy.

Over to the left was the white-walled, turreted Chateau de Bourlemont gleaming like a great gem on the hilltop. Pines covered the hillsides and at the base was the ancient town that in other days paid tribute to the powerful Dukes of Lorraine who erected this stately castle in the eleventh century. Over all was the pearl-gray of a winter morning.

Up the road we came to the tiny river that ran past the Basilique and then under the stone bridge at Domremy —just a dirty little village but the shrine of a spirit of patriotism that will never die, the home of Jeanne d'Arc.

Looking up the road that day we, who were anything but artists, being mostly mechanics and chauffeurs, sat silent at the beauty woven in silver and green pastel over the wooded hills. Tall, dark pines for a background, patches of brilliant green grass, of red-brown earth, dull gray houses with sombre red roofs, a church spire, the blue-white of snow here and there as though Winter protested Spring's invasion and had polished up his accoutrements in dazzling defense. One place was particularly lovely with the dark trees, snow-patches and some brilliant carmine briars. Then over all this fairyland of delicate tints the pearl-gray mists floated gently, now shading, now revealing things to charm the senses, reminding one perhaps of ringing carillons in early morning, fading with the vagrant winds or ringing clear. The scene was pastoral music in color. There were cattle in the fields down by the stream, and a peasant coming up the road—all tinted mystically in the colors of some old pastel by a master hand. Such is the memory I have of one raw and lovely morning in France, huddled in an open car and shivering, but admiring Nature's art.

Christmas at Neufchateau

It is late to describe Christmas, but the scene is vivid in my mind. You will remember how cold that winter of 1917 was in the old French barracks at Rebeval or even in the French houses with their tile stoves or open fireplaces.

I believe they had a Christmas tree at Goncourt, up on the hill just across the river at Neufchateau. There had been a lot of entertainment there the night before for children of the town and they had some sort of dinner that day if I recall correctly. Being a sort of guy that hankered after things to eat, I had stopped in for my chow and sung a couple of songs. Toward evening it began to snow. Oh, did it snow? Mother Goose picked her biggest fowl that day. It came down, if you will remember, in enormous flakes and was ankle deep on the sidewalks.

At the junction of the Rue de la Gare and the Route d'Epinal were the Hotel Providence, the Octroi, the Hotel Agriculture and the little bicycle store with the pretty blonde Madame whose husband was a barber in Dijon. On the fifth corner was an old chateau behind high stone walls. About half-way up to the LaFayette Club was the great gate-entrance to this chateau. Tall pines flanked it, and as I passed by I stood and looked long and wonderingly. Here was an old-time story-book picture in actuality. The great white flakes of snow had capped the gate-posts and the fence; each bar of the iron gate was outlined in feathery white. The trees bent their boughs under its weight, and back of this loomed the grim old chateau—one light burning in a dormer window. Perhaps some 26th Division officer was sitting up there at that moment smoking cigarettes and eating part of the badly damaged Christmas cake his folks had sent him in good condition but which barely arrived before it fell to pieces,—but this was, from the outside, a real Christmas picture such as we used to see on postcards and on boxes of Christmas tree candles. Remember them?

I had been cussing the snow (for I had no rubbers and my shoes were badly worn) but somehow I forgot to think of those things and stood there perhaps five minutes just staring. What is there in a man that will make him look at a lot of cold, miserable snow on a winter night, an old stone fence, a gate, and just one candle light way up in the top of a dirty old black building—and dream?

I went on to Billy Levere's hut where there was a big crowd, where it was fairly warm, where they were lined up at the counter for hot chocolate and sandwiches and smokes; where everybody made a deuce of a noise with his feet and his voice, and everybody grumbled at everything in general,—but there was no heat most of the evening. There was just a big old "base burner" stove in a sitting room down home in Kentucky with the snow outside and "us kids" with the folks and our half-empty stockings, bowls of nuts and candy and oranges and perhaps a couple of toys, and the cat and dog slept by the fire. The dream had to fade away and I had to go back up the Route de Liffol to my bunk in a barn, but it comes back again every time I remember my walk on Christmas evening in Neufchateau. I hope nobody cries!

SALESMANSHIP PLUS

A story is told of two salesmen, one blowing about the wonderful sale he had made of 100,000 yards of silk; the other said, "Why, that was not so marvelous: that firm wanted those goods anyway—but I made a sale that required super-salesmanship. A woman came into my store to buy a suit of clothes for her husband to be buried in, as she wanted him to look nice in his coffin. Well, I sold her the suit, but it took all my ability as a salesman to sell her an extra pair of pants!"

ENGINEER ENTRIES

DOINGS OF D

Our old bugler, DEXTER, who until recently has been attached to the band at Fort Warren, has left the service. We hear he wants to get into some local band or orchestra.

WEIBY soon got tired of life on a farm; he recently had an opportunity to sell, and is now living in Roslindale.

The large doll EDDIE WALKER won as a prize at the D Company reunion last June was raffled off at the Welfare Bazaar at the Cadet Armory last month and brought in over ten dollars.

BOB TURNER is still in Philadelphia and, we understand, has recently been married.

We are very sorry to say that a rumor has just been received that GAGNON is at the Chelsea Hospital. This information has been given to the Welfare Association so that next month we will be able to give accurate information.

"PEANUT" LYMAN had a very successful summer with his candy store at Brant Rock.

COOK BURKE had to undergo another operation and have several more pieces of shrapnel removed. We are glad, however, to say that we understand he is fast recovering. —E. F. W.

ECHOES OF E

JOE LEAHY is living at 92 Myrtle Street, Medford, and reports as the parent of three very satisfactory children.

FRANK COPPINGER is working for the Veterans' Bureau as an instructor, and resides at 7 Claxton Street, Roslindale.

ERNIE STEWART'S billet is now 103 Hillsdale Road, West Somerville. He's been there since the last day of May, but was late in reporting. Guess he rates K.P., 1st Class, for that. He said there was a "Joe" that FORTUNATI was going to run for Mayor of Somerville.

SPEED LINDSAY is said to be living at 13 Windsor Road, West Somerville. Wonder what the attraction is out there?

RAY BRIDEN spent a couple of days with POP FOLEY and BILL BUXTON down in Norfolk some weeks ago. Says he doesn't understand where we get that "Pop" stuff.

Received a newsy letter, the first in a blue moon, from Capt. JOHN E. LANGLEY. He is still in the army, stationed at Fort Bliss, Texas. —R. M. E.

FANCIES OF F

CARROLL F. (CY) MERRIAM wishes to have it broadcast to the wide world that his present address is 8 rue Georges-Ville, Paris. We wish we were there with you, Cy. Hope to hear from you, early and often.

No less than eleven men of F Company attended the last smoker at the YD Club. PIERCE, CASEY, MOLLOY, JOHNSON, CONNORS, SANBORN, CLARKE and KOWALL are all the names we can remember at present and we apologize to the others for leaving them out of the honor roll.

A recent visitor to the Club was MCKEAGUE, one of the boys we don't see very often. He promised to be around at the next annual reunion in May, provided he can get his evening's leave signed by the better half. —P. N. S.

YD AUXILIARY

Aided by the generous allowance made by the Y.D.V.A., the Hospital and Welfare Committee did all possible to bring cheer and gladness to the boys in hospitals and their families at Christmas time. They distributed jelly, cigarettes, magazines and two more afghans. These latter were placed in the orthopedic at the Chelsea Naval Hospital.

Christmas remembrance stockings were sent to every veteran in Massachusetts hospitals, and to every Massachusetts veteran, wherever he may have been in hospitals outside this State.

Many families have been helped with substantial Christmas gifts. Apples, candy and magazines were taken to West Roxbury. The sum of ten dollars also was given each hospital.

Mrs. C. G. Francis and Mrs. Russell Dean Francis were among those invited to go to Rutland with the Crosscup-Pishon Post, A. L., on Sunday, January 3, to bring entertainment to those at U. S. Veterans' Hospital, No. 89.

The Committee found STEPHEN GRAVES and ARTHUR KANE of the 101st Ammunition Train in Ward 5-1 of Chelsea Naval, also JAMES HOLLAND of E Company, 104th Infantry, J. A. CHAGNON of G Company, 101st Ammunition Train, and PELEGRINI BONA of B Company, 104th Infantry.

The regular meeting of the Auxiliary was held on December 9 with Mrs. Francis in the chair.

Through this column the Auxiliary wishes every one of the YD a Most Happy and Prosperous New Year.

—(Mrs.) L. W. S.
—(Mrs.) C. G. F.

TAPS

We regret to announce the death in Brooklyn, N. Y., of Mrs. Kann, wife of "DOC" ARNOLD KANN (Co. C, 104th Inf.), who passed away on November 9, 1925.

On December 1, LOT J. PENDER, formerly of G Company, 103d Infantry, was instantly killed in Keene, N. H., when a large lump of frozen dirt fell on him from the top of a pile.

DENNIS STAFFORD, formerly of the 102d Infantry, met with a fatal accident on December 4, at his home in Providence.

ANTON JODANIS (A Co., 104th Inf.) who had gone to the West to recover his health, after being gassed, died in Denver, Col., on December 20. He became unconscious on the train and was unrecognized for some time until finally identified by ARCHIE F. MURRAY of his own company. After Jodanis's death, Captain Murray was instrumental in having the remains brought to Worcester, Mass., where he was accorded a military funeral. He left no known relatives but was mourned by a host of friends among the 104th Infantry and the American Legion. In speaking of Jodanis, Captain Murray said, "He was an excellent soldier, and while fighting in France bore himself very creditably."

Y. D. POST 290, A. L.

A regular meeting of YD Post, No. 290, American Legion, was held on Monday, December 14, 1925. The meeting was called to order at 8.10 P.M., with Commander Wood in the chair. There were thirty members present.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and accepted.

The Finance Officer reported that there was $114.19 in the treasury.

The present officers having been nominated for another term, it was moved, seconded and

VOTED: That the Adjutant be instructed to cast one ballot for the offices of Vice-Commanders, Adjutant and Finance Officer.

On a motion, made and seconded, it was

VOTED: That the Adjutant be instructed to include the office of Commander in the above ballot.

On a motion made and seconded it was

VOTED: That the proposed amendments to the By-laws, *i. e.*, Article 2, Section 2, and Article 1, Section 3, be accepted as read.

On a motion, duly made and seconded, it was

VOTED: That the Finance Officer be instructed to send check for $10.00 to Massachusetts Department Headquarters to go to their fund from which Christmas remembrances are to be sent to veterans in Massachusetts hospitals and to all Massachusetts veterans wherever hospitalized.

Comrade WILLIAM CONNOLLY was then appointed by the Chair to act as Child Welfare Officer of this Post.

On a motion made and seconded it was

VOTED: That the Athletic Officer be authorized to organize a basketball team.

Comrade JOHN T. O'MEARA was appointed Athletic Officer by the Chair.

The Commander then appointed Comrade ROBERT DUNCAN, JR., chairman of the Bugle and Drum Committee, with instructions to organize as soon as practicable a bugle and drum corps in the Post.

There being no further business to come before the meeting, it was moved, seconded and voted that the meeting adjourn.

Adjournment taken at 9.10 P.M.

WILLIAM SNYDER, *Adjutant*

BOSTON CLUB SMOKER

The regular monthly smoker of the YD Club of Boston was held on Wednesday, December 16. The usual large attendance was on hand; but the fault, if it can be so called, was that too many of the faces were familiar. The same old gang always shows up. How about the rest of you boys? Get the smoker habit.

The speaker of the evening was "Hiker" Joy, the Boston College football scout and assistant coach. He told a good deal of "inside stuff" regarding the college game and answered scores of questions fired at him by members of his audience.

Entertainment was furnished by Herbie Hewson, Billie Cotie, and Harry McGowan of the Louis Walters Booking Agency, and was one of the best yet heard at these smokers.

SINGLE MEN ONLY

Two good reasons for saving your nickels for that 1927 Pilgrimage.

MARBLEHEAD BREAKERS

WILLIAM STONE (D Batt., 101st F. A.) and his brother JAMES are both in the Chelsea Naval Hospital.

GEORGE HALL (E Batt., 101st F. A.) is back in Ward B, at the Chelsea Naval.

C. ARTHUR O'SHEA (Supply Co., 101st F. A.) is visiting in New York City.

The Marblehead Auxiliary spread much cheer in the hospitals on Christmas, also played Santa Claus to twenty-five children. They also sent gifts to the crew of the cruiser *Marblehead*. —G. M. R.

CONGRATULATIONS

KENNETH B. JOPP (Bat. A., 101st F. A.) and Miss Frances B. Holden (known in professional dancing circles as June Day) were recently married in St. Paul's Cathedral, Boston.

John and George, small sons of a Baptist minister, after listening to one of their father's sermons, decided they must baptize their family of cats. The kittens made no objection. One by one they were put in a big tub of water.

But when it came to the mother cat, she rebelled—and fought—and scratched—until at last John remarked:

"Just sprinkle her, George, and let her go to H—l."

QUICK, WATSON, THE NEEDLE

Editor, Y DOING,
Dear Sir and Brother:

I see there is considerable discussion about events in the Y Doing and I think the man said a whole mouthful in the Nov. paper about what was going on and I am with him in all he says. When it has come to such a pass that half the world has to sit with their legs crossed it is time someone said something and not let it go on unnoticed. I feel just that way about it. Legs are certainly longer and there are more of them than in my young days and skirts are certainly scarcer and less of them than they used to be and while I done my share of swearing and sometimes forget myself now that is no argument like the man says in the Dec. paper and I think poems and jokes and statical figures had ought to be placed in one place so as a man who does not have no sense of humor like the man in the Nov. paper will know what he is looking at and not only that but there is a frog writing in the Y Doing and I don't know what he says and so it ought to be stopped likewise the rat kissing the man on the front page on another paper.

Your obedient and humble servant
with love to all the boys
J. J. O'KEEFE

and please cut out the stews and the souses because my wife says too much about it when little Dollie asks what it is.

Ogunquit, Maine.

FLICKERS FROM THE 104th

Saw genial GEORGE ROBERTS in town the other day. He was making a train connection and didn't have time to stop at the Club. Said he was glad to know that the Division had finally started on a drive for a memorial in France. He also said that he had had a visit from Mrs. Shelton and that she had finally given her approval to the placing of a memorial plaque over the grave of her husband, COLONEL SHELTON.

CECIL LEWIS (M. G. Co.), one of Boston's finest, certainly has his troubles. After chasing a shop-lifter down West Street and getting his man, he returned to duty, where a demure member of the opposite sex inquired where she could find a cop. It seems that she wanted somebody to go along and help her do her shopping. Pretty tough on the police force. They have to carry bundles, as well as direct traffic.

I just learned from the sister of MARTIN MILBOUGH (M. G. Co.) that he has answered the last roll. Following the war, he went to California suffering from T. B. as a result of gassing, and never recovered. He was a corking good fellow, and his family has our most sincere sympathy.

HERBERT L. SCARLES (C Co.) was recently elected commander of the Worcester Post, A. L., in the most closely contested election that the Post has had since it organized.

—E. A. H.

A. P. O. 709

RALPH W. ROBART (A Co., 104th Inf.) is managing a new Cambridge branch office of R. M. Bradley & Co., Real Estate Brokers.

A letter from "DOC" LYNCH, of Portland, printed in this number, brings to our attention an idea which some of our other members might like to copy. Just below the Doctor's name and address, as it appears on his business letterhead, is the seal of the Yankee Division Veterans Association. It is printed the same size as the official YD pin, and proclaims to all the world the writer's undying loyalty to the 26th Division. When we visited Doc, last October, he showed us also a large YD which adorns the radiator of his automobile. As the royal rooter par excellence of the YD, you can't get far ahead of the Doc.

We are sorry to report that Miss ELIZABETH LANGLEY, who is BILL SNYDER'S chief-of-staff at the Club, has been quite ill at the home of her sister in Providence. She had sufficiently recovered, however, to be back at her desk on the last day of the old year.

MATTHEW J. RYAN (M. G. Co., 101st Inf.) is now president and treasurer of the Ryan Motor Service, Inc., a new $10,000 corporation.

RAYMOND J. QUEENIN (E Co., 102d Inf.) has been elected adjutant of Medford Post, A. L., for 1926.

102d INFANTRY

E Company, 102d United States Infantry, held its annual banquet at Young's Hotel, New Milford, Conn., on Saturday evening, December 12.

The following members were present: CHARLES E. LOCKHART, FRANK AHERN, THOMAS STACK, HAROLD VENTRES, ERNEST GRESSOTT, FRIEND ROSENE, OLIVER BARBER, MARTIN TROGE, ALBERT SPOONHEIMER, GEORGE LAPKE, DANIEL BURNS, ANDREW MCILRAVEY, HERBERT FLANNIGAN, HARRY ELLIS, ARTHUR KASCHEL, LYNN DEMING and EDWARD DOWNS. HENRY BRANT and PATRICK LILLIS of I Company were guests.

MAJOR BISSEL'S letter of congratulation was read. Telegrams and letters were received from FRED WINCHESTER, EMIL GOGAN, EARL BLAKE, DAVID O'BOYLE, RAYMOND QUEENIN and FRANK CAMPBELL.

A real turkey supper was served at 9 P.M., after which Lieutenant Lockhart gave a very interesting talk. After hearing from several others, Lieutenant Lockhart was appointed chairman of the 1926 E Company Reunion Committee. It was voted to hold the next reunion in New Haven, either in late October or early November.

CHARLES E. LOCKHART has charge of the reunion, having the addresses of a number of E Company men. Any E Company, 102d men, who have not yet sent in their addresses should do so at once so they will be on the mailing list for 1926. Send addresses to CHARLES E. LOCKHART whose address is Box 772, New Haven, Conn. —L. N. D.

LEST WE FORGET

(over)

"EVERY MAN GIVE ONE DAY'S PAY"

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said—
"I MUST GET A RADIO"

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MONTE C. BROWNE (101st Inf.)

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